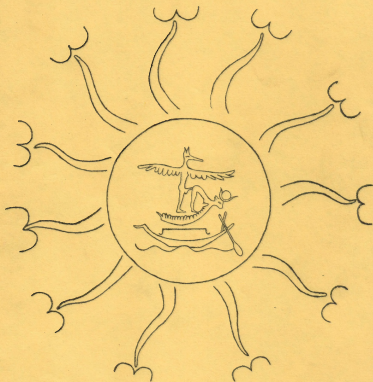


BUGGER



an anthology

BUGGER

an anthology of anal erotic, pound cake
cornhole, arse-freak, & dreck poems



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*This issue is dedicated
to the
Brilliant Goddess of Buggery
BARBARA RUBIN
who in earlier metempsychotic emanations
was
Aphrodite Kallipygos
& Venus Cloacina*



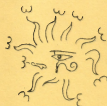
*Bugger,
"a child's garden of perVerse"
printed, published, freaked, groped, slurped, sucked, fucked,
edited, finger-stalled, supposited, & ejaculated
by Ed Sanders at a secret*

*BUGGER scene
in the lower east side, New York City, U.S. A.
November 1964*

a fuck you/ FLAMING TUCHAS publication

TOTAL BUGGERY IN THE CULTURE!

Labor donated by bugger-freaks



BUGGER!

an Anthology of Buttackry

BUGGER bug'ger (bug'ēr; böög'-), n. [F. bougre, fr. ML. Bulgarus; a Bulgarian, also a heretic, sodomite.] 1. a greek-freaker. 2. a person who culls the jewels of Sodom. 3. a heretic; esp., an Albigensian. Obs. 4. a low wretch; a fellow; so, sportively, chap; person. v. trans. 1. to fuck someone in the ass; to "cornhole" Also, 2. to apply legal sanctions, as: "I hope they have not buggered you" -- a famous Yale University professor (referring to the postal Department), writing to Ed Sanders. -v. greek-freakery

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in the pornography industry

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"Some of my favorite poets
bugger each other all the time"

Ted Berrigan
editor of an evil JOURNAL OF POETRY

SZABO!

kneeling, she bends over
blooming a rosebud, flesh
tight across the ass

the asshole
like a mouth, eating flame

throw, i throw, i throw

This Form of Life Needs Sex

I will have to accept women
 if I want to continue the race,
 I will have to kiss breasts, accept
 the strange hairy lips behind the
 buttocks,
 Look in those questioning womanly eyes and
 answer soft cheeks,
 bury my loins in the hang of the pearplum
 fat tissue
 I had abhorred
 before I have given godspasm Babe leap
 Forward thru death,
 Between me and oblivion an unknown
 woman stands;
 Not the Muse but a living meat-
 phantom
 A mystery scary as my fanged god
 sinking its foot in its gullet
 and vomiting its own image out of its ass
 ---This woman Futurity I am pledge to,
 being born not to die,
 But issue my own cockbrain replica Me Head
 again---
 out of fear of the Blot?
 Face of Death, my Female, as I am sainted
 to my very bone,
 I'm fated to Find me a maiden for
 ignorant Fuckery--
 flapping my belly & smeared with Saliva
 shamed face flesh & wet,
 ---and have long droopy conversations
 in Camical Duty budoirs,
 maybe bored?--
 or excited by New Prospect, to discuss
 with her, Futurity, My Wife,
 My Mother, Death, My only
 hope, my very Resurrection

Woman

 herself, and why I have feared
 to be joined true
 embraced beneath the Panties of Forever,
 in with the one hole that repelled me
 From 1937 on--
 Pulling down my pants to show the cars
 from my porch behind the rain--
 and she'll be interested in this new
 contact with the Silly Male

that's sucked my lovelorn's Cock
 in Adoration & sheer beggary romance--
 awe gulp-choke Hope
 of Life to come--
 and buggared myself innumerable
 with boy-yangs gloamed inward
 so my solar plexus could feel godhead
 in me like an open Door--

Now all that's changed on top of me, the
 double balls grown old--
 tho I still admire the Male thigh at my
 brow,
 the hard love pulsing thru my ears,
 stern buttocks upraised
 for my masterful Rape--
 that were meant for a private shit
 if the Army were All--
 But no more of an answer to life
 than the muscular Statue I felt up
 its marbles--

Envious of Beauty's immortality in the
 museum of Yore--
 You can fuck a statue but you cant
 have children
 You can joy man to man but the Sperm
 comes back in a trickle at dawn
 in a toilet on the 45th Floor--
 And you can't make a continuous
 mystery out of that,
 but a finished performance
 & a ghastly thrill
 that ends as it began
 a stupid reptile squeak
 denied life by the Fairy Creator
 who became Imaginary
 because he decided not to
 incarnate
 in his opposite--Old Spook
 who didn't want to be a baby & die,
 who didn't want to shit and scream
 exposed to bombardment on a
 Chinese RR Track
 and grow up to pass his sperm on
 to the other half of the Universe--
 Like a homosexual capitalist afraid of
 the Masses--
 and that's my situation, Folks--

CORN HOLE POEM

dog style:

from her cunt move the dick
to the taut assness,
hole there crinkled
that you caress about
to relax it

& let slide the
head of the
penis inward

& just inside the
ass mouth
will there be secreted
moisture

that the cock be made more
thrilling & smooth in entry

that her love & trust for you
give her to a
lenient entry
by the thrill of relaxing
& the ass lips
make the shape of a
gaping

and slow slow
in & out
moving
become quicker
the lubrication
near to the
entrance
juicing the slide

and she moving in circle
her buttocks,
her ass flesh now frenzied

Ed Sanders, LAMP.

p -2-

and slowly
to you she gives
her whole ass-duct

your dick now
made complete
inside her

its total is brought forth
in radiance

& the come spills inward
to sow in blackness

SPURT! SPURT! FLASH!

to sow in the wet shudder
in the ass-black

and the gasp
of hers
in orgasm
comes forth too!

TED BERRIGAN

20 August

Dear Ed

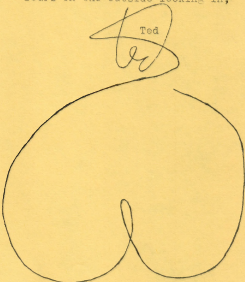
your new anthology has caused me to become deeply involved in Buggery, but I fear that in the enclosed poem I failed to get at the seat of the problem.

However you may want to use it as an example of approaching things backwardly, or, trying to put a square peg in a round hole.

If not, perhaps you could arrange for me to bugger someone, like Carroll Baker or Anna Karina, whereupon I would no doubt get the feel of the situation, get inside the problem, so to speak.

Yours on the outside looking in,

Ted



TED BERRIGAN

BUGGERY

I don't know much about it
I tried it once my wife said it hurt
It felt pretty good to me
All my favorite poets like it
I had an enema once I hated it
I read about it in F.T. Prince's poem "Words for Edmund
Burke."

Harry Fainlight told me he's straight
I think that's a bunch of shit

What's going on here?

I was a precocious child. Great
lightbulbs ripped me out of my mind. I had great dreams
All day: Lots of friends who taught me lots
But all I am today I owe to yes indeed God!
I don't know what that means but I like it plenty!
Once I fell in love with a little lamb
He turned me on
Then I met God
He was a Jew
I feel fine
He's really great, and I have been appointed
The head scribe for women; when
I write on them they go,
"Click-click".

for you last line: ἀνὴρ τοῦ δῆμον
tho in print (if) as is

bugger 3

john harrimen

in the field

hetaera

full to the womb

bends

back

a stripling in her hands

bends

back

comes slowly

elder

from behind

a horned bull

moving above the earth

pierces

an afternoons harmonics

bends

the great reed

back

god comes

from each opening

a man of the people

up & down (the whole
point
traveling
if we with time
at the rhyme
go
towards Europa
wanted you to have this
will write
john

BUGGERY POEM

Ted and I

(I'm pausing)

(Now I'm really pausing to wonder why on earth I should have used the courteous form (is that what they call it?) to begin a poem about what we did one day, though perhaps I should have gone on to just write about that day, which was extremely interesting and could hardly have failed to excite someone (perhaps me in old age). That Ted is my senior by almost 8 years could have caused me to write "Ted" before "I", though "I and Ted" sounds awful; what bothers me at the moment is the fact that I never worry about being the junior or the senior or the equal, at least I try never to worry, though I never forget the differences in our ages, and the natural differences in experience, maturity, erudition, wit and all that. Was it, then, merely a matter of habit? Probably so. Still, I'm suspicious because I did pause. Perhaps my hesitation springs from the fact that I had a plan in mind for the poem as a whole, a device, and the shock of typing the words "Ted and I" made me realize, unconsciously, that when an idea is run through a typewriter it (the idea) gets either mangled or transformed, as you wish. Also, the thought of Ted and me, or let me say, the words "Ted and I" written down are so shockingly different from the people, Ted and me; "Ted and I" is a thing, unable to enjoy itself on the page, whereas Ted and I are able, from time to time, to enjoy ourselves in each other's company, for example on the day I was going to write about. My goodness, this is starting to sound like a buggery poem, though it isn't, nor do Ted and I ever bugger. Anyway, if you'll ignore this discussion and go back to the beginning of the poem, please read the words "Ted and I", skip the "I'm pausing" parenthesis if you wish, then continue your reading with the first word after the end of this sentence.)

didn't bugger that day

watching the lads conjugate thru
a keyhole; grimwald
grew restless. "what shall i do
to relieve my anguished
instrument?" he cried.
& the topmost boy exuded
an erotic fart & shrieked
" how arrhythmic can you get,
pops?" i mean pee-you, charlie", grunted
the other boy, thinking the first boy
meant him. " put some water on that
please, i mean
no one could hump
in a funk like that"
not you, aristotle,
i was talkin' to
this old trick whipped a pound
on me fer a peek"
"put some water on it anyway,
charlie, i'm subject
to suffocate
down here"
but only grimwald's pants
got wet.
when the young ladies came,
he had went.

Bugger

(oftimes referred to as "Burgerie")

I,me,myself

who-I-am, what I am,

associative person, indispensable sensitive consciousness
informed & washed of mimicry, though totally mimetic, man
at the center of the world spectacle,

brain-muscle of soul on journey

of the mind through the daily

routine of discord between man

and things & artless vision, man

in harmony with nature, journeyer

to Djemilia, village of

death where the mind perishes that a

verity may be born, besieger of

Djemilia-death-without-hope, exalter

& bitter denunciator against assholes

who dwell in Djemilia who refuse to complete

the happiness of the world!

A man, going out from his mother from

umbilical cord-world & nipple-world into

the dark world, bringing light of his

soul & body working together as a machinery

of the universe, bringing potency back into

the intelligence that any absolute truth is no more

nor less than a trinket on the bracelet of the

goldened-bodied-fuckable treasure of Time, & that
 mathematics is her lovely cunt wherein
 all reproduction will be drawn in the long
 draught from her honey-suckle mouth ; '!

the Number is KING ! & paranoia runs cowardly
 foolish-rampant beneath the sweet feet of this
 luscious-dicked buggering Prince-satyr !

Fuck all the super-personal! Lick off your fingers
 you touchers of your own assholes! Bugger with the

N U M B E R !

Come, all you Designations, and dance the dilly-down
 dance of the Hetero

O my emphetimo
 unpredictable - O
 epistemological

t w i s t ! (Beetles, baby!)

Get your ass up for the number!!

Big Nine! Singin' 'round ! Yeah!

dig how phi gets his sweet little Cretan ass in there !
 phi is younger than chi
 omega is younger than phi
 therefore omega and chi should
 make it together & they do as
 little girl sorority, & when everything
 gets dull they fuck each other in the

ass with dildoes down in the basement
 of ***Chi Omega*** sweet land of
 our dreams / sweet comrades (female)
 of our beds around the corner in the
 So - ror - ity 'Ouse la di dah di dah di
 diddly

Mary bends over, or sort of lays on the
 edge of the bed, very languid, with her ass tilted
 ever so slightly upward while Sally shoves her "cock"
 all the way in up to her Venus mound where the hairs
 of Sally's cunt tickle Mary so lusciously that
 she shrieks & sighs until the Sorority Mother,
 Denise (or Tammy, as she is sometimes called by one
 of the little girls in a high-school sorority)
 (Chi Omega is a College-level sorority) comes in
 in her Rubber Suit & crams Mary's face against
 her snatch & tries to beat Sally to death with a
 rubber whip while they all orgasm into the Dean's office
 who's just giving Bob a lesson in the Ramified
 Theory of Types & has rammed his donknicker clean up
 the entire length of the large intestine, who, upon
 seeing the three squack entering his office, lets a
 load go in Bob's ass that drives him sobbing & coming
 down on Sally's unconscious twat who has just
 gyrated herself into a Super-sexual Knot on the
 Bear Rug and was rubbing her tits into the mouth of
 the Bear!

(well, let's try to get back to the
number there, fellows)

Let us try to
consider the sound of the word said in the
mouth of the British commander of Commandoes
who is always calling everything
"buggers"

Does it sound like my Canadian father when he
says "bugger" ? No.

Does it sound European, that is, French or Polish? No.
It sounds a bit like "begger". But not exactly.
Its sound is somewhere between "begger" & "bugger".
Where is it exactly? Difficult to say at the moment,
but let us try it out.

"Behgger. buegger. boegger. with umlauts.

He says: "OK chaps, let's get those buggers
out of there!", meaning the German artillery soldiers
untimely caught with their pants down in one of the
bunkers on Omaha Beach having their lastfling on the
day of invasion. Jolly topical.

"Cream scene behind Eisenhower dream!"

(appearing: London Times, June 7th)

Syntax of bugger. "Stop bugging me!" or, "Bugger this!"
or, "What's that bugger doing over there?" or "Bugger off!"
aint that right, you buggers??

O LONDON

PART I

1

Their secret secretes faint indiscretions
As an animal its scent.
By infinitesimal recognitions
They are hunted and hunt.

A glance's swift affiliation
Is tacit consent to this relation's
Cessed, incestuous event.

2

Like a bubble long clinging to the bottom
Suddenly breaking to the surface
the face
of some long forgotten
before unsuspected acquaintance
is glimpsed bobbing among the others in a urinal.

Speculate: in a dead man's brain
how many millions of secrets shall be left
for the bacteria to unpick?

3

Divided off by porcelain,
United by the common gully,
I stand among a row of men.
A child could tell there's something funny.

Beneath a dripping cistern, eyes
Dart like rare fish; each making off
With snapped-up morsels of surmise.
What brings me there? A polite cough

Must be my answer here, dear readers.
Like them, to try and make the stupid
Thing remember, I shake my piece
of raw, unsnipped-off navel-cord.

Perhaps it finally has forgot.
My neighbor grows impatient; leaves.
The rest of us still face the wall
Like prisoners waiting to be shot.

4

He took me to his room-- a box,
Three cases stacked up on the wardrobe;
Said that he was moving soon;

Made unsuccessful love; gazed at me;
Said I was just the sort of person
He would love to live with;

Told me at the most I looked eighteen.
We dressed then, straightened up before the mirror;
He an ageing failure, I a faded queen.

5

The sphincter-spasm sharp, unbearable, yet the pain
Opening the mind wider than the flesh can open;
And through that opening pouring in the flood
On which the whole body is borne helplessly away....

Stroke by stroke both mind and body now become
That single learning wound I am.

6

COCKSUCK'S SONG

He has hardly gone
yet his sperm on me
has dried to an old man's skin,
--In that intensity's span
its lives lived thro so swiftly.

On my lips dead futures
start to sing.

7

A BRIDE

In bed with the stranger who had picked him up,
 He lies awake in the dark;
 How calmly happy he is feeling.

Thrown by the pattern of holes in the top
 Of an old-fashioned paraffin stove, a magic
 Cathedral window glows on the ceiling.

8

Hollow-feeling, empty of sleep and as yet un-breakfasted,
 From an already forgotten stranger's bed
 I stumble out into an unfamiliar part of the town.

So dazzlingly greeted. The sunlight's sudden recognition
 breaking

Across a row of houses I have never seen;
 These shoppers remote as if some distant generation.

World, empty of me as I am of you now,
 Let me ask of you nothing.
 All now seems possible. O let me nothing ask.

PART II

9

Never has this nightly faring forth
 Brought anything but sterile solitude.
 Yet still I abandon for it each known good;
 By a molten iron core am led,
 Night-marching, to a frozen North.

10

Stiff, clerkly, he swept by me,
Staring straight ahead strangely;
Leaving the urinal for the fifth or sixth
Time that night and still alone.

He who probably for years had rejected
This last, most despised of all releases,
Now himself by it to be rejected
Surely must almost craze.

Fearing for him, I followed;
Yet stung only further by my pity
He would not stop. Since that night
I have not seen him again.

11

GAY BAR

So this is the bottom of the pool I drowned in.
Yet still there are mirrors;
That bloated shape that's shifting's mine.

12

EPILOGUE

The mouth of some washed-up deep sea creature,
The sphincter gapes open darkly;
Cold as the buttocks it touches, the instrument
Enters, expands, telescopes and withdraws.

"The pathologist in his examination found
Recent indications of unnatural behavior."

DUGGER
A child's garden of perVerse
& greek-freakery

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:

SZABO! is the gasped-over & legendary poet, cocksman, Times Square cornhole cadet, whip-freak, & lower east side dope mogul. His 1st book of poems, 11 poems of Violence & Love, with an introduction by Ed Sanders, is being ~~put~~ out by ~~the~~ Saxon's press.

ALLEN GINSBERG is the Arse-archon Omnipotens of the Universal Order of Bugger Phantoms. Ginsberg, truly the Thobar Cock-eagle of poesy, is currently housing his eternal brain & panting body in the Lower East Side.

ED SANDERS is the psychopath, poet, editor, publisher (FUCK THEE/ a Quaker Journal), dope-freak, motherfucker, creep, queer, pinko, cocksucker, bugger-mishuga, manic depressive, schiz, cocksman, babbler, reprobate, peace-coward, LSD-freak, freak-freak, muff diver, & twat-slurp.

TED BERRIGAN is the bugger-maniac of 9th st, Lower East Side; poet; editor of C, A Journal of Poetry; chairman of the board, C Publications. It is a trembling joy to watch mothers pull frantic sidewalk daughter whisk-off scenes as this evil poet goes bugger-troiling at dusk among the 9th st flowers.

JOHN HARRIMAN, poet & dreck-freak, is secretly lord of the lower east side bugger cadets. Over 2000 maidenly N.Y.U., Columbia, Hofstra, & Pratt, assholes have felt his mineral oiled petzel-zap during the 63-64 season.

RON PADGETT is the author of IN ADVANCE OF THE BROKEN ARM (C Publications) & was editor & founder of the legendary magazine, WHITE POVE REVIEW. Mr Padgett handles all bugger revenues for the mafioso kiss of death scene on the upper west side.

AL FOWLER IS the greatest scholar of bugger lore in the history of western civilization. Quietly, behind his craggy brows, pulse vast meadows of sullen bugger vision. His poetry is straight from the asshole of the Lux Aeterna; & all over dope-ville, the lower east side bistros & poetry scenes, Fowler is held in awed reverence.

JOHN KEYS is the author of KEY'S (Renegade Press), & The Train That Never Came Back to Prove It (Crank Books, K. Congdon). He is the N.Y. editor of SUM. For an exhaustive survey of Keysian bugger data, see the summer (1964) issue of the Quarterly Journal of Applied Scatology.

HARRY PAINLIGHT is the famous English closet queen. Painlight is one of the foremost poetic interpreters of the hallucinogenic experience (((see Mescaline Notes ((Fuck You/ #5, vol 5))), The Spider(LSD) ((Fuck You/ 5 vol 7))), & the forthcoming Spider II.)))

erratum: on the fug~press page,
in the black bugger box, Albegensian
should be Albigensian

13433 ✓

BUGGER



fug~press 1964

published in 5 editions:

- 1) The Trade Edition of 400 copies
- 2) The Rough Trade Edition of 15 numbered & buggered copies
- 3) The special "bugger fantasy" edition-- an edition of 4 signed & numbered copies for which additional pages have been added. On these Al Fowler, Szabo, & Ed Sanders have hand written, calligrammed, or drawn, bugger fantasies; each signing his work
- 4) The Trembling Buttock edition: an edition of 3 copies, numbered, each of which is honored by the inclusion of a page containing the hitherto legendary snapshot of Harry Fainlight getting buggered by two Greeks at a Times Square Hotel Dixie hustle scene.
- 5) The Pygophile Edition: an edition of 2 copies, numbered, with all poems signed by their authors & containing a pygograph (buttock print) direct from the Goddess of Buggery herself, Barbara Rubin, on 6 ply Strathmore bond.

fug~press

peace perversion pussy